

The Saturday News

VOL. VII. No 24

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Jasper's Note Book

The editor of the Scientific American recently paid a visit to Panama and comes back most enthusiastic as to the progress that is being made. It is expected that the first ship will be sent from ocean to ocean in September of next year. President Chamberlin of the Grand Trunk stated in Montreal this week that line would be to Prince Rupert by 1913 and that a friendly company would have built a year later a branch from Fort George to Vancouver.

We are thus getting very close to the time when the great change in conditions which must come to us with the shifting of trade in a westerly direction will be brought into effect. It has been talked of off and on for years back but few of us, even here, realize just all that it is bound to signify. Its importance has hardly dawned on the people of the east.

Hitherto we have been dependent wholly on the trade routes of eastern Canada. Two or three years hence all the products of Alberta at least will be going out to the markets of the world by way of the Pacific ports. The long rail haul, which has reduced the profit on every shipment to the vanishing point will be abolished. The rush to get grain to Fort William in the few weeks that remain between harvest time and the close of navigation will become a thing of the past, so far as the farmers of this province are concerned. They will have an ocean port open the whole year round available at a distance several hundred miles nearer than that at the head of the lakes.

The wonder is that under the disadvantages that we have had to put up with hitherto Alberta has been an exporting country at all. Now it will be in a much more favorable position for sending its goods out than either Manitoba or Saskatchewan.

And the traffic will not, of course, be all in the one direction. The ships that take what we have to sell to European countries will bring back what they have to sell to us. All this has been handled up till now through Eastern Canada. But from now on we shall be independent almost wholly of eastern ports and eastern wholesale houses in the purchase of goods manufactured outside the Dominion.

As for those produced within the country's bounds, the tariff will, it is supposed, for a considerable time at least, protect them. But without this eastern market, they would find it difficult to hold the western market. The change in transportation facilities will probably hasten the establishment of manufacturing industries in the West itself, for such materials as it is necessary to import it will now be possible to assemble much more cheaply and it will be found most uneconomical to continue to pay tribute to the eastern houses as a result of protective duties and to the railways on account of the long haul.

What is to be the effect of all this on the national structure? Must it not inevitably mean a searing of the connections to a large extent with the eastern provinces? There is so much even now to cut off the two parts of the Dominion from one another that this powerful addition to the influences at work may well give those who try to forecast the country's future cause for anxious thought.

One of the worst results of the Titanic disaster has taken some time to show itself. The Fortnightly Review which has just come to hand contains some verses by Thomas Hardy. Here are two of them:

And as the smart ship grew
In stature, grace, and hue,
In shadowy silent distance grew the iceberg too.
Allen they seemed to be
No mortal eye could see
The intimate welding of their later history,
Or sign that they were bent
By paths coincident
On being anon twin halves of one august event,
Till the Spinner of the Years
Said "Now!" The which each hears,
And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres.

Honestly what man without a name could get stuff like this published? It is a great tragedy when a man who has done great work along some one line branches out into another where he makes himself look foolish. Hardy is a great novelist and he should be content with this reputation.

Western Canada will feel as if some of the last enchantment of the middle ages has descended upon it, all right, when one of its provinces has as its premier a gentleman known as Sir Rodmond Palen Roblin. There can be no question that the new Knight's parents foresaw the distinction that was in store for him. Why it has been delayed so long, with such a qualification, is a mystery. Even Sir Richard McBride with his warring locks will be forced into a back seat.

Clergymen who feel that they would like to do something else at times except attend to parish duties haven't an easy time of it and one's sympathy must go out to them. One of the best cricketers in England is Rev. P. H. Gillingham, vicar of Holy Trinity, Birmingham. He has been criticized by some of his parishioners for taking part in county cricket.

Writing in reply to his critics, the vicar says that instead of taking six weeks' holiday at a stretch, as most vicars do, he proposes taking three days at a time. This meant all his Sundays at home.

He maintains that cricket is a distinct asset to him, as, wherever he goes, he is generally advertised as the Essex cricketer. He feels sure that many who worship him at his congregation regularly have been attracted by the fact that he has a little gift which is rather unusual among the clergy. Since he has been their vicar he has



Scene from the original New York production of "Beverly of Graustark"
July 1, 2 and 3.

collected £300 from cricketers and lovers of the game, and without it he could not have carried on the work of the parish. If he finds his cricket a hindrance rather than a help, he will give it up. Besides all this, the influence which a man of the type of Mr. Gillingham is able to exert in keeping the game up to a high level should not be overlooked.

A clergyman can often do most for his church outside the pulpit.

As to the plan adopted for taking a holiday, is it not a much more reasonable one in many ways than that of going away for weeks at a stretch. A long holiday to an active man becomes very often considerable of a bore, whereas a day or so off frequently would be keenly enjoyed and cause less interruption in his regular tasks. The trouble is that people are not in the habit of taking a reasonable view of such matters. It is all right for a man to loaf around a distance from home. But if, during working hours, he is seen playing a game of golf or tramping about the country or even weeding out his garden, he is immediately accused of neglecting his duties, whereas, as a matter of fact, by being close to them at all times, he is really attending to them much more faithfully than if he goes off to the sea-side.

Of course the advantage of a complete change of scene is undeniable. But where it is not easy to secure this or where a person takes more enjoyment out of the other method, it is foolish to find fault with him.

The attitude of the British court of enquiry towards Mr. J. Bruce Ismay serves to justify those who criticized that gentleman in the week or so following the disaster. There was certainly a great deal that was foolish about Senator Smith's investigation but it brought the essential facts out at a time when public interest in the affair was at its height and accordingly was of value in clearing these home.

The funds that were raised for the Titanic victims have attained such proportions that the trustees do not know what to do with the money. It's always the same way. In the excitement of the moment people let their charitable impulses run away with them. It is a great pity that these could not be brought into play so as to effect more intelligent results. The man who contributes \$50 to a Titanic fund often never gives a moment's thought to the hardship and suffering right at his door.

Much has been said about the cry: "Women and children first," in connection with the Titanic disaster. But Dr. Helen McMurchy of Toronto rises and asks, Why, if it is so desirable to save the lives of the children on shipboard, more active measures are not taken to save those of the children round about us. She declares that of the 7,000 babies less than a year old who died in Ontario last year, fully one-half could easily have been saved, if intelligent public measures had been adopted. The medical health officer of Fort William found that in the months of July and August of the year 1910, 63 infants under one year died in that city. He set himself to work to ascertain the cause and apply the remedy. He secured the names of all the dead babies and the addresses of their parents. He constituted himself a court

of enquiry. The result of his efforts was that during the months of July and August of the following year only twenty-one babies under one year died in Fort William. That represented a saving of sixty-six per cent.

We don't hear so much of this kind of chivalry but does it not count for much more in the end than that of the sensational description?

The despatches one day this week told of how a German airship, with twenty-five people aboard, had made a twelve hours' continuous flight over Holland. One of the Berlin newspapers says it would not be surprised if before long, the airship flew over London. If war were in progress and this means was used to drop explosives in the British metropolis, than which nothing would be easier, what becomes of Britain's "splendid isolation"?

The whole consequences of the adoption of aerial craft for war purposes stagger the imagination. Does it not look as if we are close to the stage when war will become so horrible that disarmament must be brought about?

It must not be supposed that Germany is the only nation that is making progress along these lines. Commander Samson of the British Navy recently demonstrated to the King that he can fly his hydro-aeroplane where he likes at any height and can settle down on the sea like a gull and fly again, and that he can carry a bomb of three hundred pounds weight and drop it with fair assurance on the deck of any vessel, which, he declares, such bomb would certainly put out of commission and probably sink. A London paper sets up a shout of joy, and says the news is too good to be true. "But what does it mean?" asks the Montreal Witness. It is said that the sailors on a nearby warship when they saw this bird of power settle down close by a submarine, like an eagle descending on its prey, uttered an instinctive cry of horror. Well they might, for what did it mean for them? And what does it mean for our 'supreme' navy as well as all the rest? If it means that today, so far as Britain knows, she is in advance of all the world in the power to annihilate all other navies, is it to be imagined that others cannot do what she has done? Is there any assurance that, just as her naval commanders have sprung this surprise on her and possibly on the world, there may not be already other surprises in other aerial navy yards, whose mission is against our dreadnoughts and cruisers? Germany has already her dirigible balloons flying in the peaceful work of carrying passengers and keeping to schedule. If what Commander Samson assures us is true, the inevitable deduction is that the world's navies, including the 'supreme' one, already belong to the world's scrap-heap. For what people, is going to send out such engines manned with its bravest, destined with a certainty to the sea bottom. The cynic has always been on hand to derive at least this comfort from such powers of destruction—it was the happy faith of Nobel, the inventor and manufacturer of dynamite, and the apostle of peace—that the very power of mischief would yet be a guarantee of universal peace. It does seem as though a navy of hydro-aeroplanes would put an end to naval war on the part of responsible powers, though it might be asked what possibilities of maniac anarchy might not be stored up in them. There is, of course, as yet an 'if' to all this. What has been done once in calm, if foggy, weather may be harder to do under other conditions. So far it has been the uniform fate of the aeronauts to come to destruction. But none of us is too young to remember when the automobile car which now dominates our streets was so precarious a vehicle that a journey was not often completed without mishap with sometimes an ignominious home-coming by horse power. It will generally be reasoned that in view of the constant progress in air travel since first Dumont circumnavigated the Eiffel tower, we may look for such steady improvement as will make Commander Samson's forecasts practical.

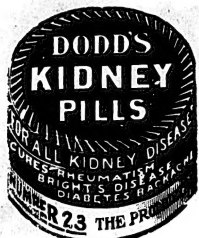
A cartoon is published on this page which is of interest in view of the developments which the improvement of war machines seems likely to bring about. Doubtless these fears have been expressed in other ages, but there is unquestionably a limit to the process of making warfare more horrible.

The proposal that the two city hospital boards be amalgamated is being taken up seriously. There is absolutely no reason why there should be more than one body. There should be one hospital policy for the whole city and the two institutions can be made to supplement each other. Before the addition is made to the Alexandra hospital that the board has decided is imperative, it would be wise to bring the union about and decide just what the relationship of the two is to be. The Saturday News has always been of the opinion that a great mistake was made in not putting up the main institution on the site near the university grounds, which is elsewhere in the city and it would not be at all surprising if we should come to something very much like this eventually. At any rate before any other large expenditures are made, the whole problem should be gone into, so that the money may be spent intelligently.

Since the opening of the street car line out to the Highlands, it has been well patronized. Many have taken advantage of the opportunity to see that part of the city and have not only enjoyed the pleasant ride, which is given, along the river bank and then through the city park, but have been surprised at the number and character of the houses that have been built in the Highlands. The activity has been spreading to the subdivisions beyond. Both Beverly Heights and Beacon Heights are within a few minutes of the end of the car line and many buildings are projected there, the attraction of such admirably situated property at the present reasonable prices being one that is not easily resisted. The development that is going on in that direction is well worth taking half an hour off some day to see for yourself.



Prehistoric Man: "He calls it a club, and claims a man can use it instead of his fists. It's awful to think what war will be in a hundred years if things keep on at this rate."



THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND WILL CASE.

The death is announced, at the age of sixty-three, of Mary Duchess of Sutherland.

The duchess was the younger daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Richard Michell, principal of Hereford College and professor of logic at Oxford. In 1872 she married her cousin, Arthur Kinderley Blair, of the 71st Highland Light Infantry and agent to the third Duke of Sutherland at Dunrobin, Sutherland, who died tragically in 1883 from a shot from his own gun. An affection sprang up between her and the Duke of Sutherland which led to his complete estrangement from his first wife, the mother of the present Duke of Sutherland. In 1888 the duke's wife died, and the next year he married Mrs. Blair at Dunedin, a village in Florida.

The duke, who died in 1899, had made a will a month before he died leaving his widow £100,000, with a further £50,000 by a codicil made on the day of his death. Under the will the whole of the furniture at Stafford House, London; Trentham Hall, Stoke-on-Trent; and Dunrobin, Sutherlandshire, with the plate, china, and furniture, would have passed to the duchess. The will was opposed by the duke's eldest son, the present Duke of Sutherland, and the whole of the Sutherland family. Litigation was started to contest the will, and it was alleged that the duchess had been guilty of undue influence. There was also an action by it was sought to compel her to give up certain diamonds alleged to be heirlooms.

In March 1893 the President of the Probate and Divorce Division made an order directing that certain tables and boxes containing papers should be removed from Stafford House to the office of the administrator's solicitor, there to be opened in the presence of the duchess and of the solicitors to the parties in the probate suit. During the removal of the papers a bundle of them was produced. The duchess took possession of it and, taking one of the papers in her hand, placed the document in the fire, causing it to be destroyed.

Later on application was made for an attachment against the duchess for contempt of court. In an affidavit she explained that the document had nothing to do with the case and that it was a letter written by the duke to herself of an exceedingly private character. She was firmly convinced that in destroying it she was carrying out the last dying wishes of the duke. The duchess was ordered to pay a fine of £250 and to be imprisoned at Holloway for six weeks.

Plush Prison Cell.
The imprisonment was undergone with every permissible circumstance of indulgence. The duchess had as a "cell" an apartment 25 feet long and 15 feet wide, with tapestry hangings and a carpeted floor. The chairs were covered with blue plush. The duchess was able to receive visits from her friends, and was allowed her own plate and wines, while her food was sent in from outside. After being taken into custody, the duchess drove to Holloway accompanied by her doctor and maid, and with a large quantity of luggage.

On her release the duchess received a silver casket containing £250 in banknotes from a number of sympathizers, who expressed their indignation at "the severe order made by a judge against her for having unflinchingly carried out a dying request of her husband."

In 1896 the duchess married Sir Albert Kysie Rolitt, then M.P. for Islington.

The duchess's name was prominently before the public in 1898 by reason of the theft of her jewels, said to be worth £20,000, at the Gare du Nord in Paris, and their subsequent discovery in a house in ulham, London.

The duchess, who lived at The Willows, near Windsor, and at Carlsbad Castle, Rose-shire, had a daughter by her first husband.



The Vancouver Sun has this: "A gentleman says that 'Shakespeare' contains four vowels and six consonants which make 46. The 46th word in the 46th Psalm is 'shake' and the 46th word from the end is 'spear.' This proves that Shakespeare wrote the Psalms, he says." There is some mistake about the Sun's statement. The line of argument indicated clearly goes to show that the Psalms wrote Shakespeare.

The Toronto Star has a long article headed "Havana, the Wickedest Big City on Earth—Everything in Cuban Capital Run Wide Open—After Dark City Takes on Gayest Aspect."

The Havana publicity man is on to his job all right. It's worth while letting the public know that there is a really wicked city nearer than Irkutsk, Russia. A few more articles like this and next winter it will be necessary to reserve hotel accommodation in Havana at least three months ahead.

The other night I was in a crowd of old-timers who were telling of exciting experiences they had had many years back over card-games and like diversions of the early settlers. But I heard nothing which interested me so much as the following extract from an old article of Henry Labouche's.

"I once found myself on a steamer going down the Alabama River," he wrote. "These steamers have on the saloon deck a very long cabin, and at one end of the cabin is a bar where liquor and cards are sold. One evening, for the voyage occupied several days, a passenger asked me whether I would play at whist. I assented, and a whist party was made up. I soon perceived that I and a decent-looking old man, who was one of the players, were being victimized by the two others, but I played quietly on until every one except the captain, who was seated at the other end of the cabin, had gone to bed; then my brother victim, after paying his losses, which amounted to several hundred dollars, went to his cabin. I took the cards in my hands and asked what I owed? It was two or three hundred dollars. 'Captain,' I said, 'be good enough to come here; I've been cheated.' Up jumped the gamblers and asked me whether I wished to insult them. The captain, a sturdy-looking man, was now by my side, so I handed him the cards and requested him to examine them. They were marked in the manufactory, the stars on the backs of each particular color being made either higher or lower at the corners. 'The gamblers swore that they knew nothing of it, and had bought them of the bar-keeper. Half-a-dozen citizens were at once called up to act as a jury, and the bar-keeper interrogated. After some shilly-shallying he owned that one of the gamblers had given him some packs to sell. This was enough; the engines were stopped, and the gamblers landed on a swamp, where probably they died, for it was a very long way from any habitation, and, as the captain said, a place where only snakes could live. It is almost a pity that there is not this sort of prompt justice nowadays in Europe."

"Why are Irishmen always laying bare the wrongs of their country?" asked someone in the House of Commons.
"Because they want them redressed!" thundered a well-known Nationalist member.

Knicker—Is Jones well educated?
Bocker—He can read a speedometer and write a check.

"Were you much upset by the bank failure?"
"Yes; I lost my balance."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Fawcay, "I believe I have gout."
"What is your husband's salary, Mrs. Fawcay?" asked the doctor.
"Why, he receives \$25 per week."
"You are troubled with rheumatism," replied the doctor.

"And how is your mother?" enquired a parson, who was making a parochial call at the home of one of his wealthy parishioners.

"She is in her room, upstairs. She is very ill," replied his hostess.

"She isn't say so!" exclaimed the clergyman, whose tact was not always reliable. "Well, I sincerely hope that she will soon be down and out."

Here is a little scheme which a wife tried on a good—but rather careful—husband when she wanted a particular something for a birthday present. One night, when he was comfortably seated after dinner smoking his pipe, she brought out a bundle of papers and said she had hesitated for a long time whether or not to read him some letters she had received. He picked up his ears, seemed interested, and she took the rubber band from the package, telling him he must promise not to ask who the writer was until she had finished, and then not to go hunting round for the correspondent. He promised, and she began to read.

"My own darling," she began, "I think of you all day and dream of you by night. Wherever I go you are with me and I live for you alone. The other night when I discovered that you loved me—" At this point her husband's pipe went out and he sat up very straight.

"What?" he said, rising up with a red face. "Who the deuce—"

"Now," said his wife, "you promised to wait until the end—to be quiet until I had finished."

"But—" said her husband.
She continued to read, "Your eyes are my sun, your mouth is the mouth of dreams, your lips—"

"Well, I'll be hanged," said her husband, furiously.
"I dream of a day when you'll be mine and mine alone," read on his wife, calmly, "and I long for the day when I can call you—"

"Stop that!" shrieked the irate husband. "Who wrote that rot? Just let me get my hands on him!"

"You've got your hands on him now, dear," said his wife, sweetly; "you wrote these letters when we were engaged."

He sat down and lighted his pipe. "What did you say you wanted for your birthday?" he asked.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"A good Academy? Oh! Fine
The best we've had for years."
Says Madder-Lake; for on the line
His masterpiece appears.

"Good? Oh! My hat! No loss 't would be
If half those daubs were burned,"
Says Ochre, who has sent in three.
And had them all returned.

"Twas Wagg thus told me, with a 'augh—
It touched his cynic sense—
Indulging in some breezy chaff
At both his friends' expense.

Next day I met Tom Wagg at lunch;
He said, with radiant grin,
"A splendid number, this week's 'Punch'
(A joke he'd sent was in).

"Strange, strange that Wagg's so keen to blame
His friends' warped views alone;
But cannot even see the same."
Thought I, "when they're his own."

I met, soon after, Dicky Watt,
And strooled with him along;
Till then I always thought he'd got
A sense of humor strong.

With witty whisperings in his ear
My comrade I beguiled;
Now Dick I know's a numbskull mere;
He never even smiled.

—London Truth.

A NATIONAL TRIBUTE TO THE TITANIC ENGINEERS

A national memorial to the engineers of the Titanic, who all perished at their posts, has been suggested by an engineers' association in Liverpool and the idea has received endorsement from all sections of the United Kingdom. It is proposed to erect a handsome monument on Liverpool pierhead and a large amount has already been subscribed towards the cost.

Commenting on the conduct of the engineers, the Liverpool Journal of Commerce says:

"These brave men, knowing probably better than anyone on board the extent of the damage, knowing that no ship can probably float when two adjacent main compartments are flooded, knowing that when the final catastrophe took place their chances of escape from the bowels of the ship were very remote, and knowing also that their duty was to keep the ship afloat as long as possible, these men explored the various boiler-rooms, opening the watertight doors from the engine-room right forward as far as they dared to go, trying—probably some of them went down still at work—to carry forward large suction hoses to maintain as long as possible the buoyancy of any part they could reach."

They never knew at what instant the ship might capsize, nor at what hour she might take her farewell plunge, which they knew was certain, nor did they consider the nature of the death they were likely to meet when that final plunge took place—if one might enumerate the possibilities, they would be almost unreadable—but they worked to the end, going down with the engineers' flag still flying, with the lights still going, and with the biggest pumps on the ship still discharging tons of water over the side.

Is the memory of such heroic deeds to be confined between the covers of a printed parliament report? Are their memories to be forgotten, as are those men of the sea whom Frode has enshrined in "England's Forgotten Worthies"? How many know the names of the great seamen of Elizabeth's time mentioned there, or of the valiant deeds they executed? Drake and Raleigh are household words; but what does the average man know of Hawkins, Grenville, Davis, and perhaps the greatest of them all, Sir Humphrey Gilbert?

What one rejoices to see is that the spirit of the sea tradition survives today in this materialized age, when courage is not cultivated nor, perhaps, considered useful. Most glorious of all—this spirit survives not in one, but in all—for of the thirty-two trained men in charge of the machinery of the ill-fated ship not one was saved, and from what little is at present known, the great majority of them went down in the vessel still at work in the depths of the ship amid the final wreckage of the engines and boilers, thus fulfilling by their acts the words of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, written about 1590:

"Give me leave therefore without offence always to live and die in this mind; that he is not worthy to live at all, that, for fear or danger, of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honor; seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal."

LITTLE CHOICE.

Russian Official—You certainly can not stay in this country.

Traveler—Then I'll leave it.

Russian Official—Have you a passport to leave?

Traveler—No.

Russian Official—Then you can not leave. I will give you twenty-four hours to decide what you will do.

—Selected

DIED.

HELLIWEEL.—At the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Cantley, 523 Sixth street, Edmonton, Frank Helliwell, of Toronto, in his 74th year.

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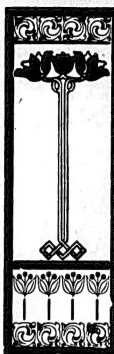
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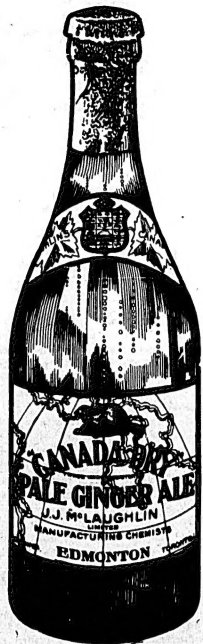
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Music and Drama

I have on several occasions reproduced the summaries which the dramatic critic of Truth gives of London plays of the moment. They are worth many columns of serious comment to my mind. Here is his impression of the play, "Love and What Then?" which the illustrated papers have been giving a good deal of attention to. The principal characters are:

Bishop of Munbridge.....Mr. Cyril Maude
Rev. William Rumsey.....Mr. Ernest Graham
Lieut. Frank Ettridge.....Mr. Eric Maturin
Rev. John Burden.....Mr. Gayer Mackay
Beryl Burden.....Miss Margery Maude
Mrs. Burden.....Miss Frances Ivor
Guests, etc.

Act I.—Drawing Room of the Vicarage, Bellden, Kent.
Beryl (to assembled guests, who are of no consequence in the play and whose names I forget): I am the rather flighty little wife of a very dull vicar.

Guests: You are. We are only talking to you in order to bring out that fact. Then we shall all fade away. It's rather rotten for us.

Beryl: I have been married some time and have a baby—you will hear it squalling directly—but I have never been in love. Suppose I were to fall in love, what then?

Guests: We can't imagine!

Beryl: Well, you watch me, because I'm going to try and find out. First of all we'll wake up this dull hole by giving an entertainment. We'll all be pierrots and pierrettes. This is my costume. I shall be a sort of pink lady—very décolletée at each end. How do you like the scarlet silk stockings?

Rev. J. Burden (entering): I consider them wholly unsuitable for the wife of a member of the Established Church.

Beryl: You don't understand, so just moon round and look bored. That's your role. I have only just discovered that I am very pretty. Now, naturally I want to impress the fact upon every one.

Rev. J. Burden: Dear! Here is mother (as Mrs. Burden enters). Mother, are those suitable stockings for the wife of a member of the Established Church.

Mrs. B. (exclaiming them): My boy, these stockings are but a manifestation of feminine lustre. If you put a stopper on stockings the unrest may burst out in some more dangerous form. I know, because before I married and had fourteen children and become the prosy old bore you now see, I, too, suffered from feminine unrest.

Rev. J. B. (warily): Perhaps you are right, mother, but what will the Bishop say?

Mrs. B.: From what I know of Mr. Cyril Maude I think he will like them. Besides, he only comes on at the very end of the act. So you need not worry about him yet.

Beryl: But we've finished this act now, haven't we?

Rev. J. B.: Oh, yes, but we must lounge round and wait for the Bishop.

Beryl: Perhaps he has forgotten his cue?

Rev. J. B.: No. Actor-managers never do that. Maid (announces): His Imperial Highness the Bishop Omnes (much relieved): Curtains! Quickly!

End of Act I.

Act II.—The Pergola in the Garden.
Bishop: (to Beryl, who is dressed in the famous stockings): I am not at all an ordinary Bishop; in fact, I am rather a sporty old chap, and I think you look top-hole.

Beryl: But I have never been in love, and if I do fall Very nice little woman your wife, Burden. Makes me feel more like Cyril Maude, you know, than like a bishop.

Haw, haw!

Beryl (to Lieut. Frank Ettridge, R.E., who enters at this moment): Would you like to kiss me?

Ettridge (boiling over with self-restraint): Woman! Take care!

Beryl: Because you may if you like.

Ettridge: I can hold in my passion no longer. (Takes her in his arms and plants kisses—of the sort technically known as burning kisses—on her lips, then flings her from him like an Apache.)

Beryl (gasping): Oh, how nice! More, please.

Ettridge: You want more?

Beryl: Of course. Why not?

Ettridge: Meet me at the end of the garden, late. My motor will be there, and we will fly to Chatham. Kissing is child's play to me. You will come?

Beryl: Yes.

Ettridge (with intensity, aside): Once aboard the motor and— (Exit.)

Beryl (sinking on seat): I'm a good woman, but that certainly was a good kiss. How well I understand Oliver Twist. Tonight! More!

End of Act II.

Act III.—Drawing Room of the Vicarage, Bellden, Kent.
Bishop: What in Heaven's name is this act about?

Rumsey: I don't know.

Mrs. Burden: I don't know.

Rev. J. B.: I don't know.

Beryl: I don't know.

Ettridge: It's a rotten act, anyhow.

Omnes (with emphasis): Rotten.

Beryl: I've got rather a good bit right at the end. I think I'll leave you to pad it out among you until then (Exit.)

Bishop: Quite so. (As he goes off with Rev. J. B.)

Rev. J. B.: I have need of thee, my lord.

Bishop: We must wait until the end of the play and see if the author knows. I don't think he does, but give him a chance.

Beryl: Very well; but I am pretty, am I not?

Bishop: I think you're awfully jolly.

Beryl: And I don't look a bit like a married woman, do I?

Bishop: I never saw less married-looking—stockings.

Beryl: That's all right. Now we've got to do something to fill up this act. Let's be unconventional and make the audience sit up.

Bishop: I told you I was a bit of a sport. I'm up to anything, really. I am. Haw, haw!

Beryl: Well, we'll pretend we're actors. You sit in a chair on that table and be a stage bishop, and I'll be an unhappy wife asking you for advice.

Bishop (clambering on to table): Jolly good idea! I call it, eh?

Beryl (acting): My lord, you see before you a deeply unhappy woman.

Bishop: Haw, haw, now, do I? That's ripping! What are your symptoms?

Beryl: You have seen my husband. Need I say more?

Bishop: No, I don't think so. He is really—well he is, you know—but come now, comfort yourself, my child. All stage parsons are fools. That's where I score. I'm not a bit like a stage bishop. Look how jolly I am perched up here!

Beryl: But if I should fall in love—what then?

Bishop: There you go again! Getting back to that tiresome point. How the dooce should I know! However, you wait on! The next act, and then if the author can't tell you, I will. I know all about "love" and a lot about "what then." That's because I'm a celibate bishop! Haw, haw!

(Enter the Rev. John Burden.)

Rev. J. B. (horrified): A Bishop on a table!

Bishop (getting down hastily): It's quite usual, I assure you. I often do it in my diocese.

Bishop (tentatively): Doesn't an audience laugh sometimes if you introduce a crying baby?

Rumsey: It's a beastly stale dodge.

Rev. J. B.: And, besides, I have to do that later on.

Bishop: Look here, Rumsey. You've scarcely said a word all through the play. Don't be lazy.

Rumsey: I know a topping speech about cricket.

Bishop: That will do. Fire it off.

Rumsey (fires it off with immense fervor and nearly paralyzes every one. At the end he mops his brow): That's the sort of speech you can get your teeth into, isn't it? By Jove, a lot of these rotters on the stage haven't got breath enough for an effort like that.

Mrs. Burden (warily): It's my turn now. All you others can go to bed, but I'm going to entertain the Bishop by telling him the story of my life.

Bishop (with resignation): I suppose you must have an innings too. (Sits on sofa and goes to sleep.)

Mrs. Burden (in a dreary monotone): When I was a girl I married. I did not love my husband. I don't know why I married him or what in the world he has to do with this play. All my spare time I spent having babies. I forget how many there were. I think about twenty. One of them was the Rev. John Burden. You can guess what the others were like from that dismal example. I am a moulded woman. Oh, how my husband moulded me! Look how mouldy I am! That is why I let my daughter-in-law defy her husband and wear red silk stockings and very little else. It is to save her from being moulded. Are you interested, my Lord? No, you are nearly asleep, like the audience. So, though there is a lot more of this, I will cut it short and go to bed. In this house if we have a Bishop as a guest we invariably all go to bed and leave him to sleep on the drawing-room sofa. Good night, my lord. (Exit.)

Beryl (slips quickly through and goes down garden for her assignation with Ettridge): Ettridge—and what then? (Exit.)

Rumsey (entering in short nightshirt, bare legs and overcoat): My lord!

Bishop: (waking up): Rumsey! Why not pyjamas?

Rumsey (pained): You forget, my lord! I am a comic stage curate. There is far more subtle humour in a short nightshirt.

Bishop: That's true. Pyjamas are more in my line. But why are you here?

Rumsey: There's a woman in the case—I mean in the garden. Why?

Bishop: She must be trying to hustle up the plot. You go back to bed. This is where I come in. (Exit Rumsey.)

Rev. J. B. (entering hurriedly in pyjamas, carrying a squalling baby): I knew I should have to do this, my lord. That's why I went to bed leaving you on the sofa. Hold the baby, please. My wife has disappeared. I'm going off to look for her. (Exit.)

Bishop: How richly humorous it would be to try and quiet this brat by squirting soda water from a syphon in its face! (Does so.)

Beryl (returning from garden): I haven't run away after all. Give me my baby.

Bishop: But what about the plot?

Beryl: There isn't one. There's no love, no what then, no nothing.

Bishop: How, fr!

Beryl: Yes, isn't moulded, like moth baby?

Rev. J. B. (enter Beryl off): John room with baby.

Rev. J. B. (to Bis excuse me, I'll join now. Sorry there is:

Bishop (calling i not be allowed to t have decided to tra vacant living at Chi be near that attractrigue with him has both have another c

Rumsey: Yes, my

Bishop: Of course n alternative. At pr right. There's no lo Now I'll try once m

What a household!

Madame Calve, th ing her opinion abou of all her success a trouble. She says: "I would earn my living shop—anything but to do the work of must work, work, w

How you must sla friends, comrades, h And what happens? consideration. W tim of her family, of and everybody thinks cry their, "how can it hard work." Ah, mon been work had a mar

"And, oh, the girl

(Conti

WHITE MOURNING.

White mourning is now fashion's decree in New York, a leader in the new style being Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who, we may well believe, looking charming at the "widows' luncheon" last week, at which she and a few other of the bereaved and very wealthy ladies whose husbands were in with the Titanic assembled, the affair being given wide publicity in the newspapers, although, as everybody knows, high society people in New York, and elsewhere, detest having their names get into print.

To return to white mourning—however—which, by the way, is the Chinese method of dressing to show sorrow for the departed—it is reported that the sudden call for the white material by bereaved ladies is so great that the fashionable Fifth Avenue shops cannot keep up with the demand.

Black is sombre-looking material, and the widows who do not look well in it welcome the change to white, which comes in many varieties of material, a decided advantage where style is concerned.

A Fifth Avenue dealer, who makes a specialty of imported dresses and hats, is reported in the press as saying:

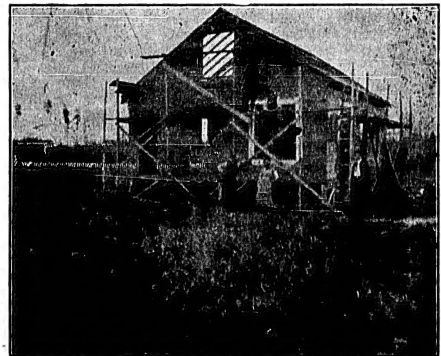
"We are sending out several mourning outfits of pure white. The materials used are armoire, Alaska, which is a soft satin with a dull finish; cashmere de soie, crepe de chene, white chiffon, bengaline, armure and taffeta. Taffeta is not so well liked for white mourning because of its lustre, but it is used now and then to give some variety to the wardrobe. Charmeuse, marquisette and moire are also sometimes chosen.

"For trimmings we use heavy white crepe, although this should be less lavish than on all black costumes, as it is too striking in pure white. Crepe lyes, which is a finely plaited material by the yard, makes an effective and simple trimming for dresses, and footings is in favor as a trimming novelty. Very little lace or embroidery is seen on the new white mourning costumes, tucking and plaiting forming the principal decorations, as this is in keeping with mourning wear. White moire is permissible as trimming, and for afternoon and evening gowns white matt beads are correct."

THE HAPPY-DAY CLUB

It's easy enough to be pleasant
When life runs on like a song,
But the man worth while
Is the chap who can smile
When his note for \$250 falls due on
the day after his bills for the plumber,
the coal man and his wife's
Easter hat
Come along!

It's easy enough to be cheery
When life's like a lover's chat,
But the man who wins
Is the fellow who grins
When he starts out on a bright spring
morning, armed in his fust.



I hereby certify that this photograph was made at Beaton Heights on May, 1912. Byron-May Company, Limited.
Per Byron.

Byron-May Company, Limited

Edmonton

Advertise in the "News"

THE INVESTOR

The activities of land companies in the Canadian West have done not a little to attract the best class of cultural settlers, though, to be sure, some have merely played a waiting game.

American, Canadian and British companies alike show substantial profits from operations in farm lands. In the case, for instance, of the Hudson's Bay Co., the average price obtained per acre in the past ten years has practically trebled—increasing from \$4.88 in 1901 to \$14.50 in 1911.

But, it is asked, may this very advance not be the precursor of a reaction? And the answering of the query concerns not only buyers of Western lands, but is of vital importance to loaning interests. Through institutional channels alone—apart altogether from the private placing of funds—some \$200,000,000 or more is invested in mortgage loans in the three Prairie Provinces, the bulk of it secured by farm lands. Even were there to be a halt, or some recession in value, the fact that loans are usually based on 50 per cent. or less of the loaning company's own careful valuation would give ample margin for the most part.

But the purchaser of, or lender upon, well selected farm lands in Western Canada has every reason to look for a good advance in price during the next decade. Economic history repeats itself. At the beginning of the 20th century the average value of farm lands in the United States was \$15.50 per acre, according to a report of the United States Tariff Board, issued last year. During the first decade of the century the average value had more than doubled—to \$32.40.

This is the root reason for the northward trek of American farmers to Canadian territory—when, no longer territorial proclamations, nor exposition boycotts of Canadian exhibits, can check. It also explains why American farmers are content to pay prices relatively high in some cases for lands in certain favored districts. Even \$40 an acre for new land may be in marked contrast to the price obtained for a farm in Minnesota, North Dakota or Kansas—where \$100 and more an acre is not unusual. The official report abovementioned gave the average price for Minnesota farm lands as \$46 an acre, compared with \$22 in Manitoba, \$22 in Saskatchewan and \$20 in Alberta. So there is considerable margin. True, scarcely ten per cent. of the Middle West's 175,000,000 acres of farming lands are yet under cultivation. But the demand from increasing immigration keeps well up to the supply of lands situated conveniently to railroads.—Canadian Finance.

The report on the season's agricultural prospects in Alberta which the correspondent of the Toronto Weekly Globe sends that paper can be absolutely relied on. Under date of June 4 he writes:

Alberta never looked better at this time of the year than she does today, and the prospects for a bountiful harvest were never brighter than they are now. In the south, where wheat-growing is the principal industry, the wheat never looked better. There was very little winter-killing of the fall-sown crop, and the spring-sown grain germinated promptly and evenly. The rainy season set in fairly early, though not before practically all the spring seeding was completed. The only thing discernible at present that may prevent southern Alberta from harvesting a record crop is the fact that too little attention was paid to getting in proper tillth before the seed was sown. Owing to the unfavorable weather last autumn there was less land ready for the sower when spring opened than usual, and in order to get the desired acreage sown in proper time a great deal of land was seeded without either plowing or disking. On new land which is free from weeds good crops may be looked for from fields handled in that way, but on the older farms, where weeds have become a pest, a considerable portion of the "stubble sown" crop will very likely have to be plowed under or mowed and burned.

herself of an especially private character. She was firmly convinced that in destroying it she was carrying out the last dying wishes of the duke. The duchess was ordered to pay a fine of £250 and to be imprisoned at Holloway for six weeks.

Plush Prison Cell.
The imprisonment was undergone with every permissible circumstance of indulgence. The duchess had as a "cell" an apartment 25 feet long and 15 feet wide, with tapestry hangings and a carpeted floor. The chairs were covered with blue plush. The duchess was able to receive visits from her friends, and was allowed her own plate and wines, while her food was sent in from outside. After being taken into custody, the duchess drove to Holloway accompanied by her doctor and maid, and with a large quantity of luggage.

On her release the duchess received a silver casket containing £250 in banknotes from a number of sympathizers, who expressed their indignation at "the severe order made by a judge against her for having unflinchingly carried out a dying request of her husband."

In 1896 the duchess married Sir Al. her Kye Rolit, then M.P. for Islington.

The duchess's name was prominently before the public in 1898 by reason of the theft of her jewels, said to be worth £20,000, at the Gare du Nord in Paris, and their subsequent discovery in a house in Ulham, London.

The duchess, who lived at The Willows, near Windsor, and at Carlsbad Castle, Rye-shire, had a daughter by her first husband.

Further north, where mixed farming is in vogue, the prospects are also bright. All kinds of stock wintered very well. There is more unused feed on hand at the present time than usual. Spring opened early in April, and the ground contained an abundance of moisture; consequently pastures afford an excellent bite for cattle, and grass-fat steers may be looked for within the next thirty days. Everything points to a heavy hay crop this year, though less timothy has been sown this spring than usual owing to the high price of seed.

The weather was very favorable for seeding, and the grain went into the ground early and in good condition. Practically no "stubble seeding" is done in the north, and the crop is looking exceedingly well.

The only setback experienced by this part of the Province was the almost total loss of the fall-sown wheat and of the greater portion of the alfalfa. Never before was there such a contrast in the condition of the winter wheat and oats, and as the acreage sown was small the loss is insignificant.

From a few districts in the north there have come reports of damage done by cutworms, but as our farmers have learned how to cope with this pest it is not at all likely that the damage will be great.

There are many indications that the year 1912 will mark the beginning of a new era in the agriculture of Alberta. Everywhere one hears reports of an effort being made to discourage exclusive grain-growing and of concerted action being taken to direct attention to the advantages of mixed farming. The Central Alberta Development League have adopted the policy of directing attention to grain-growing only so far as it is necessary to prove the advantages of the west as a stock-growing country. The management of the Dry Farming Congress have announced a propaganda to the same end. The C. P. R. has also announced a change of policy, both as to the class of settlers the immigration branch of that corporation will aid in coming to the west, and as to the line of work to be emphasized at the demonstration farms. During the early part of May representatives of Swift & Company of Chicago visited the west and conferred with Boards of Trade, Bankers' Associations and Government officials with a view to securing the co-operation of these various bodies in an effort to direct attention to the hazardous nature of exclusive grain-growing and to the comparative security that attaches to the raising of some kind of live stock.

The total of the building permits for the first fourteen days of June was three times that for the whole of June, 1911, and there is no reason to doubt that the month will exceed the record of April, which was slightly in excess of May.

The latest new building projected is a ten storey hotel on the west side of First just below Peace. It is to be erected by E. W. Chambers on behalf of an Edmonton syndicate and the figure named is \$350,000. Mr. Frank Goode has recently taken up the option which he had on the St. James hotel under his lease, buying it at \$100,000 cash.

The buildings on Second street opposite the Rev'lion warehouse have been removed this week in preparation for the Pantages theatre building which is to go up there.

The city has completed the purchase of the site for the Armour's in the Hudson's Bay Reserve. These will cost a quarter of a million dollars.

Mansfield, who tried unsuccessfully for a place on the Olympic team, is back in Edmonton and fully confirms what the Toronto papers said about Decoteau's good showing. Howard and Decoteau are the two hopes of the Canadian contingent.

well-known Nationalist member.

Knicker—Is Jones well educated?
Bocker—He can read a speech check.

"Were you much upset by the
"Yes; I lost my balance."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Fawcety, "I
"What is your husband's salary, the doctor?
"Why, he receives \$25 per week
"You are troubled with rheumatism."

"And how is your mother?" enq
was making a parochial call at the wealthy parishioners.
"She is in her room, upstairs. S
his hosts.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed
fact was not always reliable. "W
that she will soon be down and o

Here is a little scheme which a
—but rather careful—husband wh
ticular something for a birthday
when he was comfortably seated
his pipe, she brought out a bund
she had hesitated for a long time
him some letters she had receive
ears, seemed interested, and she
from the package, telling him he
ask who the writer was until she
not to go hunting round for the
promised, and she began to read.
"My own darling," she began, "
and dream of you by night. Where
me and I live for you alone. Th
discovered that you loved me—"
his pipe went out and he sat
"What?" he said, rising up with
deuce—"

Home and Society

I am all at sea as regards society doings this week from all accounts however, there has been very little of a social nature to chronicle. When I came home I heard that Dr. and Mrs. Bigger had been given a great send-off on leaving for their new home at the Coast, that Dr. and Mrs. Hislop are already in their new house, and that Miss Dorothy Sommerville's marriage to Mr. Cardell was to take place very quietly on Thursday.

Friends of Mrs. Cauley of Sixth street learned with the deepest regret that her father, Mr. Frank Helliwell of Toronto, who had been staying with her, on his way home from Vancouver where he had gone to visit his son and daughter, died at noon on the 17th June, as a result of blood poisoning. Mr. Helliwell was in his 74th year and had lived all his life in Toronto, where he was well known and highly respected. The body was sent home on Wednesday to Toronto for burial, Mrs. Cauley going East at the same time to spend a month or more with her mother.

In Winnipeg I saw Mr. and Mrs. McPherson who are making the Royal Alex. their home for the present, both looking splendidly. Mrs. McPherson was leaving the end of this month to spend some time at the Coast with Mrs. Hulyea.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kenneth and their little daughter, Marian, were also at the Alex. on their way home from a delightful visit in England.

Mr. Beverly Robinson of Toronto was another guest, who expected to come on to Edmonton in a fortnight's time for a visit.

In Toronto I saw Mr. Rob. Gibson, who spent some time here last winter, and heard that his marriage to Miss Glasgow of Hamilton is to take place some time next month. At the Peg they told me of two new acquisitions to the younger married set who were moving to the Alberta Capital shortly in the person of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Chipman, formerly of Winnipeg, now resident at 23 Rutland Court, S.W., have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Dorothy Borradale, to Mr. Roswell Christopher Colt, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, London, S.W., on Thursday, June 27, at half past 2 o'clock, and afterwards at the Hyde Park hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Colt will in future reside in Montreal.

Another announcement of interest is that of the engagement of Miss Ruth McMaster of Sylvan avenue, Toronto, and who visited Mrs. Wm. Short here about a year ago, to Dr. Hugh Arnold Semple. The marriage to take place the end of this month.

I see by the local papers that Mrs. D. J. MacNamara was the hostess of a smart little luncheon of seven couples on Saturday last, in honor of the week's bride, Miss Dorothy Sommerville. Great showers of pink roses adorned the beautifully arranged table, the place cards being most attractive. The guests were Miss Sommerville's particular friends, her sister Mrs. Mayas, Mrs. Fredrick Jamieson of the South Side, Mrs. Pitfield, Miss Viva Sommerville, and Mrs. Roy Douglas. The hostess wore a charming hand-embroidered white lingerie frock over palest pink.

Miss Alice Fielders who has been having a happy little visit among old friends in town, returned to Clover Bar on Monday.

I hear that Mrs. Constantine, who has many old-time friends in Edmonton, is registered at the Cecil.

Mrs. Branton was the hostess of a Jolly Bridge at the Blue Moon on Wednesday, in honor of Mrs. Holland of Vancouver.

Mrs. Rogers of Toronto, who every one in Edmonton fell in love with, when she spent the winter in town about a year ago, in here on a visit to Mrs. T. M. Turnbull.

Mons. and Madame Dubuc left on Sunday night last for Winnipeg, where they will join Mons. Dubuc's parents and sisters and go East on a visit together.

Recently Mr. Dubuc's father who was the Chief Justice of Manitoba was knighted, and is now Sir Joseph Dubuc. I understand that Mr. and Madame Lucien Dubuc will spend some time visiting in the Province of Quebec.

A writer in a German paper gives an interesting account of the recent discoveries in Pompeii. The new excavations, which are on the road to the amphitheatre, have struck "the Street of Abundance," with its fine houses and balconies, obviously the residences of rich people. The walls of the houses are particularly rich in frescoes. On the side of the door of one of the houses, a contrivance resembling a bell-pull has been found, which suggests that the door-knocker was not the only means that the visitor had of making his presence known to those inside. The discovery if the bell inside the house leave no doubt as to the meaning of the metal appliance outside. In another part of the city the excavation of a large and important house has just been finished. It belonged to M. Obellius Fidimus, who, with his wife and children, perished in one of the inner rooms. For here six skeletons were found of a man and woman and four children. They were suffocated by the hot ashes before they could escape. In this house the children's nursery has been found, with pictures of gladiators and horses scribbled by the children still on the walls. An exceptionally beautiful marble table and some very fine frescoes have also been brought to light. The authorities have decided that the room in which the skeletons were found preserved in lava shall not be disturbed. A glass case is to be placed over the gruesome relics. Tourists who do not want to see this miniature morgue should be warned in time, for guides at Pompeii have no discretion as to what they show the unsuspecting visitor.

ADDITIONS TO COLUMBIAN STAFF.

Two additions have recently been made to the teaching staff of the Columbian Conservatory of Music. The one is Miss Janet Tompkins, a brilliant young pianist from Brockville, Ont., where she has been teaching until coming west recently. She has been under some of the leading teachers in eastern Canada, all of whom predicted great things for her. Amongst other masters she has had are Mr. W. H. Dingle, formerly of the Toronto Conservatory, Mr. Bruce Metcalfe, of Guelph and Mr. Laliberte of Montreal, the last mentioned being one of the best-known masters in the east. Mr. Laliberte speaks in the highest terms of Miss Tompkins' ability. She will not only be a great acquisition to the teaching staff of the Columbian Conservatory but to the musical world of Edmonton.

Another recent addition to the staff is Mr. O. A. Sloane who is in charge of the violin department of the Conservatory. Mr. Sloane has already earned a reputation for himself and he is rated high as a teacher, while he has frequently been heard on the concert platform and his playing has been much admired. He commenced the study of the violin at the age of 14, his first master being Mr. Frank T. Jennings. He was also a pupil of Mr. John Slater, bandmaster of the 48th Highlanders' band of Toronto, from whom he also gained valuable band experience, which will serve him in marked manner with the Columbian orchestra he is forming. Before coming to Edmonton, Mr. Sloane was engaged in teaching his art in Toronto, which city he left some four years ago, to seek his fortunes in the west as have so many other brilliant young easterners.

The passage of the brilliantly popular operetta, "The Spring Maid," across the country from Coast to Coast during the present season will be given lively interest in the singing of the coquetish prima donna role by little Miss Hajos, the Hungarian comedienne who was first to play the character when originally produced by Heinrich Reinhardt in Berlin.

Musical ability comes rightfully to Frauclen Hajos by inheritance from a long line of musical ancestry. Her father was for some years concertmaster at the Theatre National in Budapest where she was born; two sisters are at present singing in the opera houses of Europe one of them at the Royal Opera House of Berlin, which is under the personal supervision of the Kaiser, and carefully has the family line been kept which leads back to Hajos, the Violin Maker, now almost legendary, who looked out from his shop on the Danube's banks and prophesied wars and royal deaths for his Hungarian people, and whose handiwork grew into violins still in existence in continental Europe.

Louis F. Werba and Mark A. Luescher, who are sending a most elaborate production to the Pacific Coast in support of Miss Hajos, base their satisfaction in adding this winsome songstress to their growing list of stars on the lively success she has made abroad in the leading roles of light opera that have afterwards become famous in this country. Among these have been that of Nadine in "The Chocolate Soldier" and Sonia in "The Merry Widow," both of these roles having been created by her when the operas were first presented in Budapest.

Heinrich Reinhardt, composed of "The Spring Maid," chose Miss Hajos to create the much desired prima donna part in his new opera of the saucy princess who could coquet with a flirting prince and bring him to his knees, and afterwards re-wrote portions of the bubbling farces to even better fit the mischievous personality of Miss Hajos who plays the part from the standpoint of a true Viennese of Vienna.

Spring Maid comes to the Empire Theatre July 4, 5 and 6.

GEO. BARR McCUTCHEON'S "BEVERLY."

A. G. Delamater will present his original Studebaker Theatre Chicago production of George Barr McCutcheon's "Beverly," a dramatization of Mr. McCutcheon's most successful and popular novel, "Beverly of Graustark" by Robert M. Baker at the Empire Theatre on July 1, 2, 3, night. As each of the characters introduced in the novel appear in the play, a large and expensive cast as well as an exceptionally heavy scenic production is required for its proper presentation, and as the company appearing here have been engaged for the express purpose of playing an extended engagement at a leading Broadway theatre, no expense has been spared either as to cast or scenic equipment.

"THE REAL THING."

Miss Henrietta Crossman will be one of the early attractions in this city in her latest New York comedy success, christened "The Real Thing" by its author, Catherine Chisholm Cushing. The charm of this distinguished actress has never been more thoroughly demonstrated than in this performance which has stirred the critics to enthusiasm everywhere.

Miss Crossman opens here for a three nights' engagement at the Empire Theatre, June 27.

COMPENSATION

Jem Willets says when things look blue
For freedom, as they sometimes do
And statesmen differ on which ill
Is worst—as statesmen sometimes will—
He jests good out and lets the air
Blow in his face, and looks out where
Alfalfa's coming' on, and say!
His troubles sort of melt away.
You don't know how much comfort his
Ten acres of alfalfa is!

An' so Jem says, when things sound worst,
He always takes a look out first,
Before he gives up in despair,
An' takes in lots of good fresh air;
An' he sees folks, th' same as him,
Who ain't give up th' fight—'n' dim
As liberty may seem—she's stout,
The old Lamp is, an' won't go out!
An' he finds, 'specially in fall,
Some joy in living after all.

—J. W. Foley.

Turner's Orchestra

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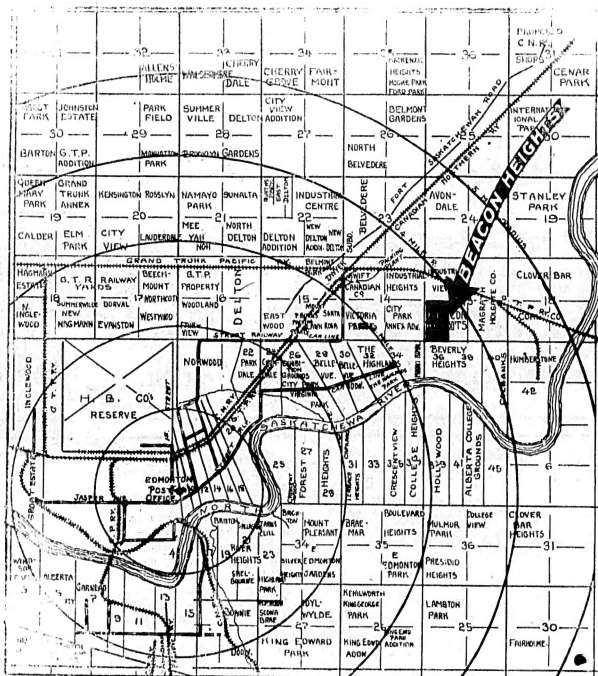
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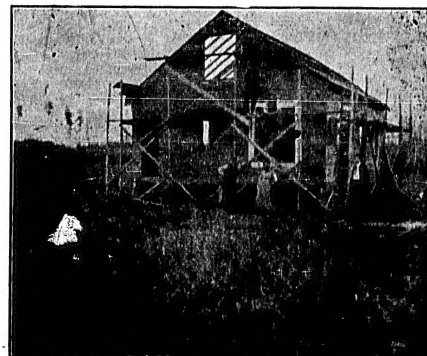


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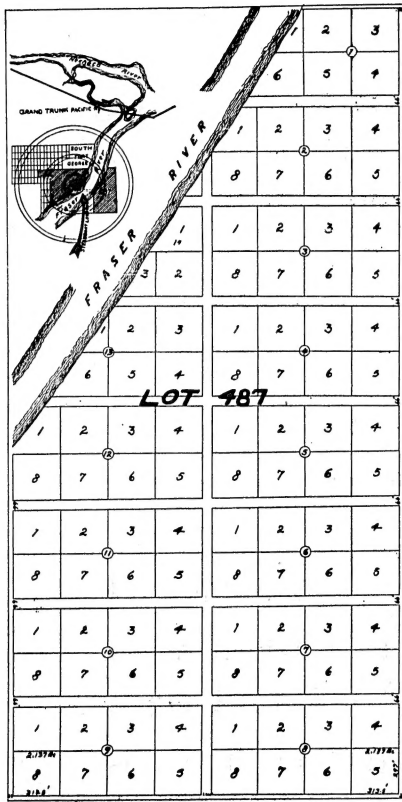
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MODERN METHODS OF STREET CLEANING IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Indubitably one of the most necessary and most costly branches of municipal works of any large city is the road plant for watering and sweeping, and it was therefore to be expected that with the advent of the internal combustion motor, experiments would be carried out with a view to substituting the slow and cumbersome horse-propelled watering-carts and sweepers by up-to-date and time-saving automobile apparatus.

In view of what it is proposed to attempt in Edmonton by creating a separate department to look after this work, it is worth while noting what the great cities are doing.

Perhaps no metropolis has gone to such a length to bring these machines to a state of practicability and perfection as Paris. Experiments have been going on for the last decade in this city, which have resulted in the adoption of several types of municipalities of many other large towns of France. So great is the success with which the change has met, in Paris itself, that the authorities are indeed contemplating the entire abandonment of the horse-driven plant for street cleaning by automobile machines. Were it not that the cost of upkeep of the machines is extremely heavy, this would have been an accomplished fact long ago, according to an article in the Scientific American.

There are several factors of importance, however, which have to be considered before a definite change can be brought about. It can be understood, for instance, that in thoroughfares in which a large amount of traffic circulates during the greater part of the day, such as on the Grands Boulevards, the Faubourg Montmartre, etc., it is impossible to use an automobile sweeper or waterer to its best advantage. For such work, it seems likely that the animal-driven vehicle will be retained. This is also naturally applicable to the smaller streets in populated districts.

On the other hand, in wide avenues, such as those which traverse the best residential quarters, the parks, and the Bois de Boulogne in particular, the motor-driven apparatus has given exceedingly good results, and the statistics thereon fully show that a saving can be effected

by their employment. It must be taken into consideration also that the proposed change would mean an immediate outlay of several millions of francs; and although the Paris authorities are confident of the future of the motor sanitary appliances for street use, they cannot carry out a radical change of the plant until a sinking fund has been established and prospective improvements and simplification of the machinery and a resulting reduced cost of maintenance has been effected. The Department of Public Works considers that the change could be made without much financial sacrifice.

The experiments carried out in Paris for watering and sweeping by motor-driven machines have resulted in the recent adoption of the following types, which may be divided into three categories:

1. Machines used exclusively for watering.
 2. Combined machines for watering and sweeping at one and the same time or separately.
 3. Machines used exclusively for sweeping.
- In category No. 1 two types have now been in use for the past few years and have given entire satisfaction. The first to be put in circulation was a steam watering cart that consisted of a rectangular tank of 5,000 liters capacity, mounted on a steam lorry. A centrifugal pump of the Farot system forces the water under pressure into the distributor boxes, with a variable outflow placed at the back of the vehicle.

The chassis is built up of steel plate girders with ash beams and cross-braced with section steel, while the propulsive organs are composed of a multi-tubular steam boiler and two annular steam chests supplying power to the engine.

The centrifugal pump which makes 750 revolutions a minute when the lorry is running at 9 kilometers an hour has a delivery capacity of 2,000 liters per minute; while the pressure, which can be varied from zero to 25 kilograms, allows for watering over a width of 2 to 16 meters of roadway. A single driver can work the apparatus, and it is specially designed for watering wide avenues.

The second type, which has recently been accepted, is a water cart with a Mors gasoline motor, and it is built up on similar lines to the combined sweeper and waterer further described. The tank has a capacity of 3,100 liters, and the outflow is obtained by two delivery boxes placed in front of the vehicle. The Mors motor is of the standard four-cylinder 28 horse-power model, and the whole machine weighs when full 6,895 kilograms.

A new and improved automobile water cart is also in use at Versailles, constructed by Messrs. De Dion-Bouton, with an 18 horse-power motor, while the tank will hold 3,200 liters.

In comparison it may be stated that a steam or gasoline watering cart does the work of approximately four animal-driven machines; and while the working day of the former has been calculated to cost 18 francs 70 centimes, the latter doing an equal quantity of work costs 56 francs 50 centimes, thus showing a saving of 7 francs 80 centimes per day.

Among the combined machines which fulfill the conditions of the second category, one type is now being used exclusively, and it was the result of a series of trials carried out by the municipality of Paris with an ordinary horse sweeping machine attached to the steam watering cart already referred to.

It is constructed by Messrs. De Dion-Bouton et Cie., and the first of its kind was put in service as early as

1907. The present model is fitted with a motor of 24 horse-power, four-cylinder, which has been found much more satisfactory than the 15 to 18 horse-power motor used in the previous models.

The tank capacity is of 2,500 liters, and the roller brush is placed between the front and driving wheels at an inclination of 50 degrees to the axis of the vehicle. A Dumont centrifugal pump forces the water through a four-way cock to the two distributing boxes placed in the rear. An interesting feature is the spraying apertures placed in front of the brush to check the dust caused by the latter. In the winter the watering arrangement can be removed, thus reducing the weight and allowing the machine to be used as a sweeper.

It has been noticed that the De Dion motor sweeper and waterer does the work of four sweepers or three one-horse watering carts of 2,000 liters and two of 3,000 liters capacity.

The gross cost per day of 10 hours working of the automobile combined machine has been reckoned to be 82 francs 70 centimes, including the sum allotted for the sinking fund and the maintenance, as compared to a total of 149 francs for the working of the above five horse-driven machines for the same amount of time.

Among the machines for sweeping, only two types need be considered which are to be met on the Paris streets at present. The first, which has been doing service for several years already, but which is constantly being improved upon, can be described simply as an ordinary sweeper of the well-known Sohy system adapted to a gasoline-driven front tractor of the Latil type, which is com, used of an Aster two-cylinder 12 horse-power motor and differential working on a Cardan shaft and internal gearing on a crown spur wheel fixed to the wheels. This apparatus can also carry a tank of 350 liters, and a geared pump drives the water under pressure to the spray holes, which prevents the dust rising.

The greatest innovation of the Paris service de la voirie may, however, be reckoned to be the new salubrious automobile truck, but the period of experimenting is not yet over. It may be taken for granted that his machine will be a great labor-saving service and a step toward effective sanitation. As may be seen by the accompanying photograph, the truck is composed of the plant and a deep iron box provided with covers which may be opened as shutters, sliding over one another. The emptying process has been simplified to the utmost and consists solely of releasing the iron plates which form the bottom of the truck, when the refuse drops out.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

(Continued from Page Three).

poor girls! You will write just what I say? Then write that but one woman in a hundred thousand who tries wins. There is in a million but one Geraldine Farrar, one Emma Eames, one Schumann-Heink. Do you grasp what that means? I have seen them—these girls that come to Paris to study, to fight their way among men. When the day comes that I shall teach I shall teach none for the stage. I will teach only the rich girls who wish to sing for accomplishment, for home, for husband—that is a woman's place. No, it is not because I am old now; I have said it always. I said it when I was twenty-five. Nothing is worth the work, the sacrifice that the singer's life demands."

The "Christian Herald" paints the following interesting picture of Madame Adeline Patti's seclusion among the Welsh hills: "Adeline Patti, the Baroness Cederstrom, and long famed as the world's sweetest singer, dwells in her castle of Craig-y-Nos in South Wales like a queen in an enchanted domain of fairyland. The castle is situated in a valley at the foot of great rambling mountains. Its mass of buildings looks pure white in the distance. The castle is stored with rare old furniture from many countries. There are also rare collections of curious things, some of which are exhibited only to specially favored guests. The most valuable of these is a collection of crowns, some of laurel and faded ribbons, dating back to Patti's childhood. Others are made of silver and gold, set with precious stones. One, the gift of a Russian Czar, is inlaid with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. There are other wonderfully beautiful gifts from sovereigns and nobles. The whole collection is extensive and priceless.

"The great singer is exceedingly fond of pets, her favorite being her Irish terrier 'Ginger.' She has no less than seventeen beautiful parrots, all of gorgeous plumage, and many of them quite untamed; but they are all great talkers. Madame Patti, in her retirement, is indeed a 'Lady Bountiful.' The Welsh people's love for her amounts almost to adoration."

ONE OF THE "Goo"

The recent anniversary of the charge of the light brigade recalls the fact that there is still one man in England who took part in that glorious ride. Lord Tredgar, though an octogenarian, is still hale and hearty, and takes a keen interest in military matters.

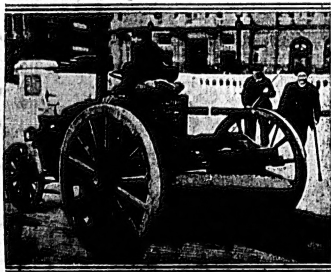
Captain Morgan, as he was then, wrote a vivid account of the charge after that glorious event took place, and the following is a fragment:

"The 8th, 4th and 11th followed us in, and suffered nearly as much as ourselves. We saw the enemy between us and home, and at them we went. I cut down one fellow as he ran one of my fellows through with a lance, and digging my spurs in my horse's sides he went it as he has often gone at the big fences in Munster. I got through them with only a few lance pokes, which I managed to parry, but the number of men had diminished. We had to retire through a shower of Minie bullets, and we re-formed in rear of the Heavy Brigade. I numbered 32 men. We went into action 1.45 in the morning."

When the charge was over the gallant soldier found that he was the senior officer, all the others who were superior in rank having been killed. Throughout the whole campaign he displayed the greatest gallantry, and nearly lost his life on several occasions.

Lord Tredgar is the possessor of an estate in Newport, and owns what is known in Wales as the "golden mile." A railway tunnel goes through a rock situated on the estate, and his lordship exacts tribute on every passenger and every ton of material borne through the tunnel. From this source alone his income is several thousands a year.

There is another Edmontonian on his way across the ocean whose performances are expected to do the city credit. This is Sergeant J. H. Regan of the Blaise team. Let us hope that that celebration we had in view for Corporal McInnis on his winning of the King's Prize may come off with Regan as the hero.



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The other day a veteran writer on sporting topics,
Mr. Hugh Keough of the Chicago Tribune, died. He was
well known to all who had ever read that fine paper al-
l to many friends of sport, who were not among his regu-
lar readers. Mr. P. Purcell, of Brandon contributes an
interesting sketch of Mr. Keough to the Winnipeg Free
Press, in the course of which he has this to say, that all
who were familiar with athletics in Ontario a little over
a quarter of a century ago will read with keen interest:

"Canadian readers of the contributions of Hugh
Keough to the sporting pages could not but have mar-
veled at his familiarity with those lines of sport almost
purely Canadian. The mystery is cleared. With the an-
nouncement of his death, it is told that Hugh Keough
was a Canadian, a native of Hamilton, and a product of
the Hamilton Spectator, at a period in the history of that
Journal, when the late John Robson Cameron, one of
Canada's greatest journalists, was at the head of the
staff. On the Spectator, Hugh Keough started his career
as a sporting writer in the days of long ago, when sports
and pastimes were thriving in Ontario and when every
game was clean and on the level. In those days Hamilton
was a hot-bed of sport, and the surrounding country was
just as sporty as the city, so that it was not surprising
that Hugh Keough, of Hamilton, developed, as he did,
into one of America's most famous writers and authori-
ties on sport.

"When Hugh Keough was starting on his career away
back in the early eighties at Hamilton, Billy Stroud, of
that place, was the champion trap shooter, a great sport
in those days. Hamilton had a baseball league of its
own—the Clippers, Baysides and Primroses—which pro-
duced such famous players as Brigham Young, Billy
Barnfather, Micky Jones and others who later figured
prominently in the game on the diamond at Winnipeg.
The old Maple Leafs of Guelph and Tecumseh of Lou-
don were battling fiercely for the professional baseball
championship, amid such scenes of disorder and ill feel-
ing as characterize the contests between the Cubs and
Giants at the Polo Grounds in New York. Ross Macken-
zie, one of the most sensational players lacrosse has
produced was then in his prime. John White, of Milton,
and John Forbes, of Woodstock, owners of the famous
Terror and Bonnie Bird respectively, occupied the places
in horse racing that Hendrie and Symers and Sengram
hold today. Jim Quirk, of Brantford, whose record for
75 yards, made at St. Mary's thirty years ago, still stands,
was the champion sprinter of Canada, and sprinting was
a very live sport.

"Hugh Keough was reared in an atmosphere of sport,
clean, honest sport, and to his credit he said, he made
the games fight of any American sport writer against the
evils which crept in and eventually killed the racing
game. He waged war against the gamblers in their de-
termined but unsuccessful efforts to make inroads on
baseball.

"Hugh Keough originated and popularized 'MacPherson,
Skip', with which the curlers throughout the length
and breadth of Canada are familiar. He was a pastmaster
as a dialect writer, and his Scotch, Irish, Italian and Cock-
ney productions were perfect, and always clean, inoffen-
sive and full of humor, making them exceedingly enter-
taining and enjoyable.

"In the field of journalism there were few brighter
men than Hugh E. Keough, and in his death the profes-
sion as well as the world of sport suffers a severe loss.
Nowhere will sorrow be greater at his passing than in
Canada, his native country. That he was respected and
esteemed by his fellows was apparent in the great gather-
ing of leaders in journalism and sport at Holy Angels
church, Chicago, the other day, when the last sad rites
were performed over the body of the famous sport
writer."

Some of these names that Mr. Purcell mentions bring
back very vividly the days when the newsboy who
brought the morning paper was seldom off the steps be-
fore I had it in my hands to learn how the game or the
race of the day before had gone. That was
before the bulletin system had developed in our
town, Jim Quirk I saw race very fre-
quently of that day. Quirk was murdered about ten
or twelve years ago at the back of the hotel of which
he became the proprietor in Brantford and the crime
has ever since remained a profound mystery.

What Mr. Purcell says about the service that Mr.
Keough did for baseball in keeping the gambling ele-
ment out of it is worth paying particular attention to.
It must strike one as remarkable that a game which
excites such universal interest has so little betting done
in connection with it.

A good many people will sympathize with Army
Howard, the fast colored sprinter from Winnipeg, who
almost missed going with the Canadian Olympic team
to Sweden because he would not obey the team's trainer.
He gave out the statement in Toronto:

"The only real difference between myself and Knox
amounts to this: Knox wants me to train morning and
afternoon, and I did not feel up to the mark, to
skip a day occasionally. My performances in the west
and here during the last two years have shown the ef-
ficacy of system. Last year I was beaten here by my ears
by only a few inches. If I am going to Sweden I am
going there with the intention of winning, not simply for
the trip. If I don't think I can win, I won't go."

"If I submit to the Knox system I know that I will
be stale and played out when I get to Stockholm. Now
what would be the use of that. I don't doubt that Mr.
Knox knows a great deal about training men, but he
perhaps forgets that I am from a cold climate and that
I should not be treated like the others. Also, he prob-

ably does not know that I did all my training on a horse
track and that a man who can stand the disadvantages
which I have suffered in training and to make the speed
I can, ought to be allowed to use his own judgment a
little.

"Personally, I have only one thing against Mr. Knox,
and that is that he has tried to discourage me and has
tried to belittle my capabilities.

"I am personally convinced that I can do the 100
metres in 11 seconds or better, and the 200 metres in
better than 22. That is, if I am allowed to use my own
of training.

"Very few men train alike, and I am willing to abide
by the opinion of lovers of amateur athletic sport if, un-
der the circumstances, it would not be better for me to
train as I have been accustomed to do, with the con-
viction that I can win, than be compelled to suddenly change
my system and go to Sweden with a certainty in my own
heart that I am going to lose."

Having made good so emphatically, it would look
like good policy to let Howard have pretty much his
own way. What's a good thing for one man may be the
reverse for another.

The annual Alberta amateur games are to be held on
July 1st this year in Red Deer. That being the home
of Rev. Robert Pearson there can be no doubt about the
arrangements being very complete and a first-class
meeting may be looked for.

Has the glory of the Vancouver All-Star lacrosse
team departed, Bob Fleming having outbid Con Jones?
It looks like it with three of the see-saw games between
Vancouver and New Westminster having been won by
the latter and only one by the champions. It won't hurt
the sport if the smaller city does regain the Minto cup.

A very interesting game was played in the city cricket
league last Saturday at the Swift club's grounds in the
east-end park. Though the scores were small, this was
due to unusually good bowling and quite exceptionally
smart fielding. The Edmonton club had its best eleven
in the field and at one time it looked as if the Swifts
might win. They only put together 35 in their innings,
of which Wood made 11, but they had four Edmonton
wickets down for eight runs, when Richardson and Har-
disty made a stand. The former being howled after
making eight runs. Morse joined Hardisty and they
batted out the necessary runs, a heavy rainstorm sending
the crowd helter-skelter just as the winning hit was made.
Hardisty had 10, not out, and Morse 6, not out. An
enjoyable luncheon was served in the course of the after-
noon.

The English papers show that the first test match
between Australia and South Africa was fairly inter-
esting, though an easy one for the former team. Killwelly,
114, and Bardsley, 121, were the principal contributors
to Australia's total of 448. But Matthews shared the
honors with them by performing for the first time in a
test match, the bat trick in both innings. Faulkner
showed that he is still a great batsman by making 123,
not out, out of a total of 265 in South Africa's first in-
nings. In the second they put together but 95 and
Faulkner had a duck.

During the course of this season, Sydney Gregory,
the Australian leader, will probably appear in his 50th
test match. His admirers in England propose to make
the little man a present to mark such an unique occa-
sion, for he stands alone among the players of any na-
tionality in this respect, while Sir G. H. Reid is likely
to hand over the testimonial at Lord's during the match
between England and Australia on June 24.

It is difficult to realize that Sydney Gregory paid his
first visit to England 22 years ago, and that he has been
a member of every side which has come over since from
Australia for he seems as active as ever. He is a won-
derful veteran—if such a word can be used in reference
to a cricketer, who is young in everything but years.

The Calgary cricket team is having all that it can
do in the city league there. Last Saturday St. John's
made 150 while Calgary had but 49 for five wickets
when rain stopped the game.

A new arrival in Calgary named T. P. O'Connor (not
the famous Tay Pay) contributes this to the Herald:

It is a long cry from Dublin, Ireland's capital, to Cal-
gary; but by association of ideas I was back in Dublin
on a St. Patrick's night a few years ago when Tommy
Burns, the then world's champion (and by the way of
parenthesis, I don't see why he shouldn't wear the belt
again) defeated Jim Roche in one minute and twenty-five
seconds.

I paid five dollars to witness that one blow, that was
all, and I can't say I saw even that one job. I never
met any one of that vast crowd of spectators who could
truthfully say he saw Burns strike Roche. But he did
And what a contrast Roche, big, burly, the personifica-
tion of brute strength, minus intelligence. Burns grace-
ful, athletic, refined, cultured. I remember vividly when
Jim recovered after the count out. Burns went to him
where he (Roche) sat half dazed in his corner. "Is it
possible, Mr. Burns," asked Jim, in a melancholy tone,
"that I'm knocked out?"

"Yes, Mr. Roche," said Tommy, "it is a fact."
The event reminds me of a clever trick played on a
Dublin merchant by one of Roche's fellow townsmen
Paddy O'Rourke, Roche's townsman, was so disgust-
ed at the miserable fight Jim put up that he left the
theatre before Jim left the carpet. At the entrance he
met the merchant who enquired how the fight was go-
ing on. "Splendid," exclaimed Paddy. "Splendid, Roche
is knocking the d—l out of Burns! They're hammerin'
away now at the second round." "Oh! holy Moses," ex-
claimed the Dublin man, "and here am I havin' backed
Jim for 25 pounds an' because I wasn't here, missin' in-
morn' I can't see meself winnin' my money!"

"Have you a fiver about you," said Paddy. "Yes, I
have," said the Dublin man. "Then here you are," said
Paddy, "my wife has taken ill suddenly and I'm not
coming again."

So Paddy saw the fiver (\$25) in his pocket and the
Dublin man saw—the rush for the doors.

"I swear to you I cannot live without my wife."

"You love her so?"

"Well, not exactly that. You see she has the money."

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Miss E. A. GOODALL

EDMONTON, ALTA., Nov. 20th, 1918.
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Constipation. I have been treated by
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medicine I heard of, but without the
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that there was no remedy in the world
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About this time, I heard about "Fruit-
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The first box gave me great relief, and
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"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine
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(Miss) E. A. GOODALL

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in the world made of fruit and the only

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DANCE OF THE SUMMER HOURS.

That happy tune!
There's none such after June.
Old trees with grisly shade
Listen to hear it played;
They shake their leaves, and on the ground
Run sun-spots round and round.

The nimble hours
Put on their caps of flowers,
And, footing two by two,
As merry maskers do,
Upon the greenest field they find
Fall dancing in the wind.

Home again! How good everything looks! Even after Ontario and Toronto the beautiful, even with the heat and the sight of uncropped boulevards, Edmonton last night as I stepped off the train, seemed to me the dearest, loveliest spot I had seen in what has been a holiday spent amid the most exquisite surroundings. For Ontario in early summer, is surely nothing short of an earthly Paradise. Each time I revisit it I discover fresh beauties that either I was too blind to see before, or that in contrast with the West, with its great stretches of open prairie, its aloofness, and general air of crudity, stand out as they never did, when East spelled home.

How short a time since was it I wrote that touching little bit about wanting to be buried "back in beautiful Ontario?" I think there was some more along the same line, "The home of one's people," and a few like stock pheasants.

Well! still I echo the wish.
Ontario today is the loveliest place to be buried in I know of.

They're not particular enough though about assuring themselves that you are really all in.

Often, often they bury people "alive."
Now we don't do that out here. Nobody can say we do.

We may gamble, we may live hard, we may be a collection of boost artists, but we're all alive, all the time, and if its living you're talking of, the West is surely the one and only place in which to pitch your tent.

I read "H.P.G.'s" charming tributes to us while down East. He writes for "The Star."

I am sure the articles were popular—in Toronto. Why? Because even she, the Queen bee of the hive of Eastern cities, is commencing to look a bit askance at this West and its astounding progress, and has commenced a little boom of her own to counteract the exodus to these parts, of her brightest young business men.

Kipling put it:
"If you've 'eard the East o'calling
Then you won't 'eed nothing else."
Of course he meant the far East, but to-day he would have had to change his rhyme. It's the West now that calls—and calls—and calls.

Until nothing seems to matter except getting out here, and taking a hand in the game yourself.
Why you can't talk to a man in Ontario—a young man, but its "What are the chances?" "Where's the best place to settle?" "Do you need big money?" etc., etc.

That's what is making the Old Timers of Ontario rouse from their pipe dreams. They are beginning to take notice again. Blue prints of their own are much in evidence. They talk sub-divisions. They may make a great to-do about despising our business methods.

It is to laugh. They are taking them for their own. A year or two ago, you could walk Toronto streets and not strike a real estate office that would give you an instant's pause. But oh what a difference now!

It made me fairly home-sick the advertisement cards: "Western Townsites," "Get in on the Game," "Do It Now," "Everybody's Getting Rich Quick, Why Not You?" Best of all are the birds eye views of our Western Metropolis.

The one of Edmonton though was a peach. Cross my heart. Any bird that saw all that, in addition to a double eye-sight, must have had the prophet's vision thrown in as a side-line.

Every day I paused to look at the Artist's dream of our own fair city.
Every day I asked myself: "Is this me, own, me, native town?" Can it be?

However, between the little Gold-Dust-Towns inside—advanced Eastern real-estate promoters, and the Bird's View, they seemed to be accomplishing the work they had set out to do. For the people were tumbling all over themselves to get information about this landscape artist's Paradise.

Up the street a piece "Miller's Corners" had a rival picture. But an Eastern boom hasn't a ghost of a chance because no one believes in it—while Westerners may be self-deluded, but their faith is monumental.

"Jovel! The way you people out there work a dollar is a shame," one man remarked to me.

This was while he was waiting for his four cents change for a twenty-four-sheet newspaper, for which he had tendered the newsboy a nickel.

"Worth a dollar!" Why they give a copper nervous prostration the way they keep it moving. They'll be clamoring for farthings next.

If Westerners fit the label "boosters," no less truly does "Croaker" describe the average easterner.

"About time for a slump out there," I had suggested to me about fifty times a day.

"Don't doubt it's what you're hoping for," I answered

"Personally we haven't seen any indications of it ourselves, but then you know, "home news from abroad "every time."

People too, were at great pains to tell me what "smooth guys" we were in this part of the country.

Dash had bought some lots in a subdivision somewhere close in to Edmonton, or Calgary, or Wa'nwright, as the case may be, and now he heard they weren't any good.

No, he didn't know the man he bought them from, hadn't seen even one of our famous blue-prints, or a map, or anything. Fellow "sail" they were good.

Now think of it! Prominent lawyers and brokers, etc., etc., self-confessed to these pig-in-a-poke methods of buying real estate.

And then wondered that they were plucked. They're great gamblers down East, always willing to win, to take the cream from our milk, something for practically nothing. But they squeal louder than any farm-yard beauty when they find themselves served with skim-milk at skim-milk prices.

So much for the real-estate aspect.

But if little old Ontario lacks much of our initiative, and progressiveness, she must take consolation in the remarkable beauty of both her cities and the homes that adorn them.

"Down town" is only an incident back East. It is a place where men go to put in as little of their time as is consistent with making a living.

They go to their offices early, and leave as soon as they can.

Out West "down town," and business generally, is with us late and soon.

We eat it, we sleep it, we live it.

Everybody is hustling, so no one can afford to drop behind. The result is that one system centralizes the attention more on home and its beautification, and the other on speculation, and what is doing on Jasper avenue. The West is the land of big things, on a big scale. The East is the home of detail.

You see it in the fine finish of their homes and business blocks. Time is little or no object. They think things out. With us four walls may not be a Paradise be, but they are sufficient to keep out the elements. That is enough. Some day we too will have our lawns like billiard tables, we too will plant our lilac-hedges. Heavens! the exquisite fragrance of some of those old Rose-dale way in Toronto. Soon, soon praise be! we shall have beautiful little parks scattered all through our city, where the children may spend an enchanted hour or two, and nurses take their small charges, instead of, as now, walking our dusty main thoroughfare.

For these things, with softly-mellowed old houses, and churches grown grey and friendly with the years, the lived-in sense of everything you see really constitutes, after all, the fascination of Ontario.

I don't deny that from a point of beauty the Province where many of us first saw the light of day, is irresistible. We have a century to go to overtake them. But I came back to Alberta, to home, with a greater love in my heart, with a loyalty sprung from just whence I know not, that neither time nor any other environment can ever change one iota. Her very faults are fairer to me for than all delights of other cities are. I love her, love her, love her.

"Here have I dwelt
Until the giant hills, the arid plain
Of sand and stone
The thorny scrub, athirst for tarrying rain,
Are homelike grown.

Sometimes my heart looks back, and yearning cries
To see once more
The fragrant hedgerows and the changing skies,
The lanes of yore,
And then the wide, wide prairies stretched below
The high blue dome,
Hold me with mighty arms, and whisper, 'Lo!
I am thy home.'

Any person who has ever attempted to write, if not the general public, will appreciate the following:

Secrets of the Craft.

Side remarks by Distinguished Author while composing the Novel of the Decade:

(a. "For Heaven's sake, Mary! Can't you stop that child crying without singing at the top of your voice? How is a man to get anywhere with all that noise going on!"

(b. "Yes, yes, yes, take the paste, take the shears, take the paper, take the ink, take the stamps, take anything but let me work in peace!"

(c. "Oh, if you say so, I suppose we must pay that fool call, but I do wish you'd remember that every minute taken out of my working day cuts down our income by just so much!"

II

From the Dedication Page of the completed Novel of the Decade:

To

MY WIFE, MARY,

without whose gentle inspiration, true companionship and constant helpfulness these pages would never have been written, I gratefully inscribe this book.

Arthur Gutterman, in Life.
...PEGGY

Columbian Conservatory of Music, Edmonton

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